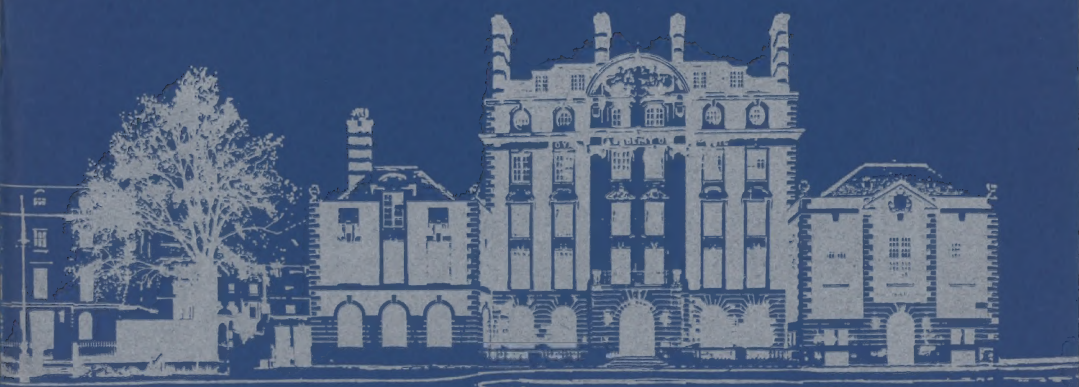


The Royal Academy of Music Magazine

No. 229 Summer 1982



The Royal Academy of Music Magazine

Incorporating the Official Record of the RAM Club and Students' Union

Editor Robin Golding

No. 229 Summer 1982

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At the end of this term we say goodbye to Sir Anthony Lewis after a fourteen-year period of office as Principal that has witnessed some of the most dramatic and far-sighted changes in the Academy's functional and physical structure. The tributes from friends and colleagues printed below give some idea of the affection and regard in which Sir Anthony and Lady Lewis (fittingly President of the RAM Club this year, and, more recently, elected Hon FRAM) are held by all of us. We wish them all good things in the future, and look forward to seeing them again in Marylebone Road on many occasions.

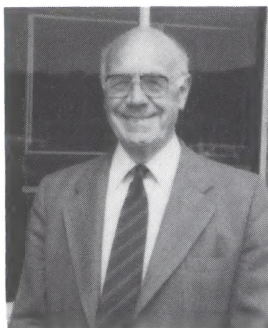
We also say *au revoir* to another key figure, in the shape of Bill Greasley, who came here as House Manager in 1968, and his wife Joy, a genius in the arts of goodwill and flower arrangement. Bill came to the Academy after a long and distinguished career in the Royal Marines (he enlisted in 1931 in the Royal Marines School of Music, spent most of the next thirty-odd years at sea, won the BEM, and retired in 1964), and three years as Director of Music in the Royal Barbados Police Force. At the Academy his official duties have been, in the terms of the *Students' Handbook*: the supervision of 'Practising in the Academy; allocation of accommodation; custody of Academy instruments available for loan; allocation of students' lockers; property lost and found; care and maintenance of furniture; and Academy equipment including instruments'. But everyone knows that this is only half the story. Last-minute requests for a harpsichord, a celesta, or a pair of basset horns, or for a teaching room or the setting-up of an orchestral rehearsal, with all the sheer physical hard work it entails, when the Academy's accommodation was theoretically stretched beyond its limits, may sometimes have been greeted with a mild Naval broadside, but I cannot recall a single time when Bill did not overcome the apparently insoluble, and do so with an open friendliness that restored one's faith in human nature.

On a sadder note, the news comes, as we go to press, of the death, on 11 May, of Hester Armstrong, the universally loved wife of the Academy's former Principal, Sir Thomas Armstrong, who had nursed her through a long illness. She would have been eighty-five in October.

Many years ago I played the Mozart oboe Concerto at the Barber Institute, University of Birmingham. Tony Lewis was the Professor of Music and he was conducting that night's concert. The Concerto had only recently been rediscovered and I was very conscious of the responsibility of playing it. Realising Tony's knowledge and musical taste, I asked him for his advice on the cadenzas which I had written. With his usual reluctance to say anything destructive or hurtful, he made an answer from which I gathered that he felt that the slow movement cadenza was too long. He was quite right, and I was most appreciative of his advice, which of course I followed.

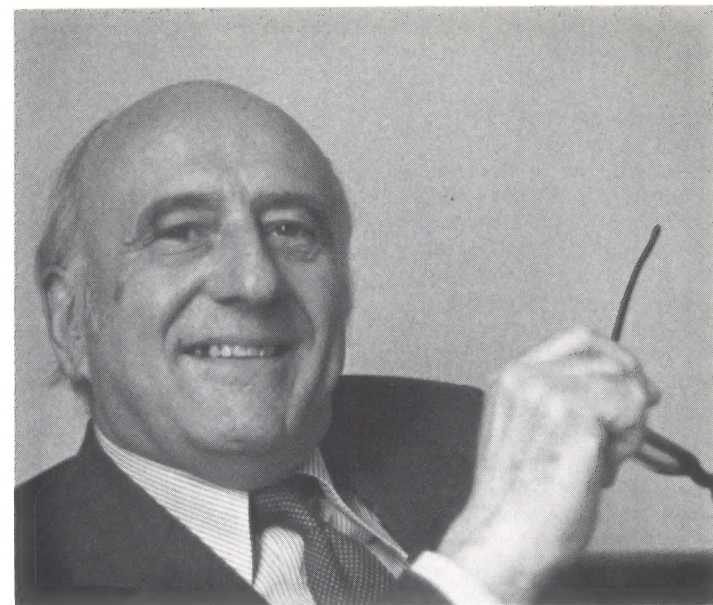
This gentle, considerate approach to others and the wish not to upset them could seem like weakness, but surely it should be considered as strength—the strength of his genuine caring for people and his perceptive understanding of their needs; but he is a shy man and this quality is not always apparent to the casual observer.

Soon after my husband died I received a warm letter from Tony inviting me to join the staff of oboe professors at the RAM. This invitation—which I accepted gladly—influenced me in my



Sir Anthony Lewis
Principal, 1968–82

Evelyn Rothwell
Barbirolli



Photograph by John Carewe

decision to continue an interrupted career as an oboist, at a time when life would have been extremely lonely and depressing without such a stimulus.

Others, more fitted than I, will pay tribute to Tony for his untiring work in connection with the rebuilding of the Academy—the financial difficulties at a time of mounting inflation and building costs, and the physical problems of administration amid the workmen, can only be imagined by those who did not have to cope with them.

During the past ten years or so, my own association with the RAM has been very happy. During that time two tributes have been paid to my husband—the Plaque outside the Duke's Hall, and the Barbirolli Room. These were warmly sponsored by the Principal, and on behalf of my husband and myself I am very grateful for this, and for all the personal interest and care he took in both projects. No doubt retirement from the RAM will mean still a very busy time for a musician and man of such quality, and for Lesley—his wonderfully warmhearted wife, who herself has done so much for the Academy and its students. May a very different future life bring them both much deserved happiness!

Bridget Campbell

When I came to the Academy in 1976 it was with a fair amount of trepidation; but I need not have worried, for the warmth and support I received from 'Sir Ant and Lady Lewis' was wonderfully reassuring. I soon discovered that this quiet and rather retiring and gentle man possessed a delicious sense of humour and was more than *au fait* with what went on in the student quarter. His interest and support has forged a strong link with the Students' Union through the Student Liaison meetings, and this has formed the basis of a fine tradition, while his introduction of the Tutorial System has spread the caring element even further afield. His wise

and considered judgement was readily available and I am sure that many a student must be grateful to him for this.

I find it quite impossible to think of the Principal without his Lady—that marvellously warm and generous person who always seems to have enough energy for—everything. Surely her tea parties will go down in history ('you can't possibly miss it—the cakes are scrumptious') and her parties at the end of the Opera—with the stage groaning with *quiches* of all kinds, Pavlovas, New Zealand cookies and all—are surely legendary! Her caring, too, always shone through, and it should be remembered that when 'Ethels' opened it had no Warden so it was the Principal and his Lady who went and presided there until one was found.

Not long after I arrived at this rare establishment I was invited to be time-keeper for a five-a-side match. I became very curious when every time 'we' won a goal or made a good pass there were great roars of 'splendid, splendid' from all the RAM supporters. Curiosity killed the cat—or so I have been told—but I *had* to know. After a little prodding the furtive reply came: 'Well, haven't you ever heard the Principal?'. So I shall finish with his favourite word and say may they both have a very happy and SPLENDID retirement.

Noel Cox

In 1968, when Sir Anthony Lewis became Principal, I was but a part-time professor of Music Techniques. It was not until 1972, when we planned the after-dinner entertainments for the 150th Anniversary Banquet at the Savoy Hotel that I became aware of his great sense of humour. Those who remember the mock LRAM examination conducted by Henry Cummings and Marjorie Thomas, with Kenneth Bowen as the luckless candidate, will recall that it all took place in Purcellian and Handelian recitative composed with great glee by Sir Anthony.

In his time as Principal he has done so much for the Academy, its professors, and its buildings, that it is easy to overlook the great work he has done for students, particularly in matters of finance. He has been a tireless member of the Munster Trust, guiding them through countless auditions which have brought financial benefit to so many RAM students. Nor must his efforts with the Leverhulme Trust be forgotten—year after year the Academy has been the recipient of generous studentships and Chamber Music Awards from this source. His establishment of Fellowships and Westmorland Concerts has been mentioned elsewhere. All these, of course, have been for the benefit of the very gifted, but in quite another way he has supported *all* Academy students. I refer, of course, to his attendance at concerts. He has put all of us to shame by his untiring devotion to student performances, and he must have outstripped everyone else, by a long distance, in terms of concert-going, a point which has been greatly appreciated by all the performers, who have felt the very real interest shown in them by the Principal and Lady Lewis.

Incidentally, Lesley Lewis, too, has been an assiduous concert attender and both of them have been enthusiastic supporters of all student extra-mural activities from Hallowe'en Balls to golf matches. Nor will students ever forget the tea parties and those delicious cakes.

It has been a very great privilege to serve as Warden since 1973 under Sir Anthony's principalship. He has been a gentle and persuasive task-master. I shall always be grateful for his wise counsel, and for his generous appreciation of all that I and my

John Gardner

colleagues have tried to do. There can be no better summing up of Sir Anthony's span as Principal than to use words heard not infrequently from his own lips 'Splendid!—splendid!'.

I had just started my first term at Wellington College when I wrote to my mother on 27 September 1930: 'On Thursday while I was practising the piano I heard someone playing the Schumann Concerto very well. I went and looked in the main Music Hall and it was a boy playing it. I got into conversation with him and it appeared that he had gone in for the Music Scholarship and had got it . . . I don't know how old he was but he knew most of Beethoven's symphonies and had gone through the course of harmony with Mr Stanton so I should imagine he's about sixteen. Also he was speaking about swotting for the School Certificate Exam. He was practising the concerto and he played very well. We got talking so much that we were both late for tea by about ten minutes.' Thus my first encounter with Tony Lewis and the beginning of a lifetime's friendship which took a significant turn when he became Principal of the Academy in 1968 and once again, after thirty-five years, we found ourselves members of the same institution.

My early memories of Tony are of my envy of his prowess as pianist *and* oboist. He actually performed the Schumann Concerto's first movement with the LSO in November 1930 (at the age of not sixteen, but fifteen), and, as oboist, took part in more than one performance of the Poulenc Trio with me on piano. I would like here, however, to refer more especially to his talent as a composer. At Wellington I remember his *Morning Prelude* for piano, especially the tri-coloured MS score thereof. It was in a 6/8 Dorian mode, starting high up in octaves and working up to a apocalyptic climax of great power and inevitability: an astonishing achievement for a lad of seventeen. Later on he showed me the sketches for a high-spirited Symphony in C, the main tune of which I can still whistle and which, perhaps, has a touch of banality. Its main influence was that of Holst, whose *Planets* was a favourite study-score of Tony's at that time. After he left Wellington I recall hearing performances of a Schönbergian (and to me at that time incomprehensible) Prelude for piano and of an Overture for unaccompanied wordless chorus: an experimental work of great power and interest. In England at that time there can have been few young composers of such individuality and forthrightness. The war of course, interrupted his career though, in a chance encounter in Jerusalem in 1945, I found him in uniform but nonetheless busy writing and performing music, including an orchestral *Aubade*, the score of which I saw but never actually heard.

Finally, a recollection of an Entrance Exam I did in 1976. I was doing horns with Ifor James when one of the entrants played a very beautiful piece. We hadn't caught the title and, after he'd finished, asked him once more for it. 'Horn Concerto by Lewis' he replied, obviously not knowing who Lewis was. Innocent testimonials are always the most convincing!

Sidney Griller

In 1964 Sir Thomas Armstrong invited me to teach Chamber Music at the Academy and my appointment was for three hours a week. I picked only one quartet and their lesson lasted three hours. Very gradually the class grew. When Professor Anthony Lewis became Principal the class was growing very rapidly and I felt that I could ask him if he could consider engaging me to teach

Chamber Music full time. This he did with little delay. His enthusiasm for performance and his feeling for the musical well-being of the students has created a situation that is admired by many Schools of Music.

The Academy now has ensemble classes for strings, piano with mixed instruments, woodwinds, brass, and a newcomer—guitar. This expansion is due to Sir Anthony's musical vision. Recently all the Bartók and Beethoven quartets were performed at the RAM, played by professional quartets who are former students from the Chamber Music Class. We owe him a great debt of gratitude for his encouragement to all teaching chamber music.

I will always remember the outstandingly beautiful concert he conducted at the Queen Elizabeth Hall during our 150th anniversary celebrations. Manfred Bukofzer, the world renowned musicologist, a colleague of mine at the University of California, told me that he regarded Sir Anthony as a great musicologist.

We are grateful to his lovely wife Lesley who has helped to make Sir Anthony an outstanding Principal.

The RAM is not what it was. Since 1968 there have been many changes for which future generations of students and professors will have abundant cause to be grateful to Sir Anthony Lewis.

These changes are diverse. Apart from great improvements to the building, there are developments of the curriculum and many increased opportunities for students, including the Repertoire Classes, the Westmorland Concerts and the Fellowships. And as a result of his dealings with the Department of Education and Science, which cannot have been easy, Sir Anthony has earned the gratitude of professors by greatly improving the terms of their employment.

I first met Professor Lewis in Birmingham. It had been my privilege to precede Dame Myra Hess as President of the University of Birmingham Music Society, and it was during subsequent visits to play at the Barber Institute that I became aware that Professor Lewis had added a new dimension to the life of the University by the foundation of an important series of concerts. His predilection for Purcell and Handel is well known (I remember being enchanted by the ornamentation in his edition of *Semele*), but his catholicity of taste embraces not only many other composers but also the visual arts. We have now, thanks to him, two 'blow-ups' of stage designs by Inigo Jones, and several splendid reproductions of famous paintings donated by the National and other galleries which were associated with the Academy in a series of recordings entitled *Music in Pictures*. These recordings, instigated by Steve Race, were made by RAM students with the generous encouragement and participation of Sir Anthony. We have also had an exhibition of sculpture by students of the Slade School. There can be little excuse for present-day Academy students to be unaware of the sources of inspiration which are common to music and the other arts, so that under the aegis of Sir Anthony they have had the chance to become artists rather than mere practitioners of music.

Sir Anthony Lewis became the Principal of the Royal Academy of Music in 1968, and his arrival in Marylebone Road was indeed a happy day. He came to us with a wide wealth of experience, educated at Wellington College and Peterhouse, Cambridge (where he was organ scholar), he went to work for the BBC and was able to spend a good deal of time on research, particularly on

the works of Purcell and Handel on which he is an acknowledged world authority. He has been responsible for some very excellent revivals of works by both these composers.

After war service with the Middle East Forces he returned to the BBC (Third Programme) and subsequently became the Editor of *Musica Britannica*. I could go on for a long time listing the many achievements and honours that Tony has collected from all sorts of different places, but it is really his work with the Royal Academy of Music which concerns us. The fourteen years that he has been Principal have been outstanding ones, and he has presided over perhaps one of the most interesting periods in the whole history of the Academy. During this time the mammoth re-building scheme took place culminating in the opening of the splendid Jack Lyons Theatre. During this period chaos reigned supreme, and staff, professors and students were working under great difficulties surrounded by quantities of dust and the noise of building instruments rather than musical ones! But eventually all was completed; Anthony was calm and cheerful through it all.

A most important side of the Academy is the social one, and here I must mention Lady Lewis, Lesley to most people, who has done such marvellous work with the students, particularly in connection with the opening of the hostels for students which has been a great achievement in the past few years. Her kindness and encouragement has meant so much to so many people, and we are delighted that this year she is President of the RAM Club.

Our Principal retires officially at the end of July, and so the Governing Body, Professors and Students wish both Anthony and Lesley a very happy time in the future, and we look forward to seeing them at the Academy on many occasions.

The Principal's character is suggested, it seems to me, by his passport—without, Sir Anthony Lewis, CBE; within, Anthony Lewis, Musician; and it is this admirable combination that has produced one of the most outstanding of Dr Crotch's successors, a man whose imminent retirement makes me realise once more how much he has done for the Royal Academy of Music during his reign, and to what extent he will have left the stamp of his personality on it.

His first influence upon me must have been his direction, as a very young man, of a distinguished series of BBC daily recitals known as 'The Foundations of Music'. These broadcasts took place during the late 1930s and many of the leading artists of the day succumbed to the persuasive, shy charm of the programme's young producer and so, by their playing, laid much of the foundations of my own training; and then after the war, Anthony Lewis returned to the BBC to plan and direct the magnificent Third Programme which was for so long the envy of every other broadcasting organisation.

In those days he looked just as grand as he does now—indeed I was amazed, in my twenties, to discover that he was only thirty-two; and even more surprised when I found out that he was a very musical conductor with an excellent technique, and the natural rhythm which is denied to many. I was able to enjoy those gifts again in his beautiful interpretation of Schubert's fifth Symphony during the Academy's 150th anniversary celebrations in 1972, and I feel sure he is looking forward to many more opportunities for conducting in his supposed retirement.

I shall miss him greatly for his splendid brain, his warm nature

Eric Hope

Gareth Morris

Frederic Lloyd

and his lovely uninhibited sense of humour: the whole professorial staff is indebted to him for his strong advocacy, and the students for his kind and tireless interest in all their affairs.

Christopher Regan

It is hard to realise now in how many ways the curriculum has been strengthened and enriched during Sir Anthony's Principalship, and that so many of the channels of communication we now take for granted were initiated by him. The Principal's Consultative Committee and the Student Liaison Committee were among his first creations, as was the Tutorial System.

Before I became Senior Tutor in 1969 the Principal discussed with me on several occasions the ideas he had for developing the Academy's courses and facilities, and so I was not totally unprepared for all the innovations that would have to be planned and implemented in addition to maintaining the established activities. It was a revelation to me, after years of the Academy pleading lack of funds, to hear such enterprising ideas and to have access to Sir Anthony's visions and hopes for the Academy. I could see that very busy times were ahead! What I did not realise was that this flow of ideas was going to prove unending throughout his principalship. There was to be no calm after the storm.

We long looked forward to the establishment of a decent salary scheme for professors, whose introduction and implementation had been one of the Principal's first priorities. This is hoped to have much still to offer the Academy in many ways—I am sorry that it did not come much sooner. I think Dr Lumsden will find that Sir Anthony has introduced this new element with his customary foresight and flexibility.

It is dangerous to attempt to assess from too near a vantage point in place or time but I have no doubt that the happy and creative atmosphere in the Academy owes a great deal to the welcome and courtesy that the Principal invariably extends to everyone who seeks him out. To have been allowed to extend invitations upon his time beyond what was essential for the transaction of business has been for me a constant source of encouragement and enjoyment. The breadth of his musical knowledge and ever-present sense of humour makes him a wonderful teacher. I am grateful to him for thirteen years' personal education and never-failing support.

Mark Snee

Sir Anthony Lewis's interest and indeed involvement in the very wide spectrum of student life at the Academy is, I believe, a particularly important aspect of his Principalship and one which has been of great value to those who have studied at the Academy during this time.

Naturally one expects those in educational administration to seek the best possible environment for study, and in keeping with the distinguished history of the RAM, Sir Anthony has ensured not only that the curricula and teaching continue to offer the highest level of opportunity but has also promoted the development of unrivalled facilities which will last well into the next century. Moreover, the development of student affairs and facilities owes much to Sir Anthony. He has encouraged a close liaison with students at all levels of the Academy administration and this has, I believe, strengthened the Academy's internal workings. In my own experience (as President of the Students' Union, 1978–9) Sir Anthony showed great willingness to hear and discuss student opinion and to accommodate it, and there can be few colleges in the country now with such an enviable relationship between stu-

dents and administration.

I began by mentioning Sir Anthony's interest in student life, and it is apparent that he cares very much for the well-being of the individual. Consequently, Academy students now enjoy the support of both the Lady Superintendent and the tutors; accommodation is provided in the 'tranquillity' of the two hostels in South London, and there is, of course, the all-important life-support system in the Academy basement where, it is said, a harmony professor first discovered a supertonic with added sixth (—of a gill; the usual one in a bar!). Seriously, however, social life is an important part of the Academy community, and I cannot think of many times when Sir Anthony and Lady Lewis have not gladly accepted invitations to student events; their presence has always given a special quality to these occasions.

Lady Lewis has, of course, endeared herself to everyone connected with the Academy and has played a significant part in the life of the RAM. And anyone who missed their chance to take tea in York Terrace East has, I am afraid, failed to make the best use of their place at the Academy.

One has only to look at the Academy today to realise that everything is organised to a level of near-perfection and that its image and everything it does is hall-marked with professionalism. It must give Sir Anthony much satisfaction to have directed the RAM so successfully through a difficult period. I know that I will speak for many of my contemporaries in wishing Sir Anthony a very happy retirement and in thanking him for creating the 'golden age' which we were able to enjoy as students at the Academy.

John Streets

'Oh Lord!', one of my Verdi-loving colleagues exclaimed, on learning of Sir Anthony's appointment in 1968, 'you'll have to do a Handel opera every year now'. But, with *Poppea* and Puccini as the main operas in his first year of office, my colleague was soon eating his words: in fact, during Sir Anthony's entire stay, only two Handel operas were performed; a memorable 150th anniversary *Imeneo*, with Felicity Lott and David Rendall as the star-crossed lovers; and, more recently, a sumptuous *Semele*, with some future stars in the cast. Now he is leaving, and I regret there were not more; we all, staff and students alike, were initiated into the difficulties and delights of performing Handel on the stage: but in his more peaceful years of retirement he can be sure of an invitation to guide us through another production.

Only another Director of Opera can realise how important it is, for the success of his department, to have a sympathetic Principal. Sir Anthony has been that, and much more: a counsellor, a mediator, a staunch supporter, and, with his good wife, a most generous victualler. During our years of wandering, he was, at any time of day, ready to face problems usually only dealt with by managers of touring companies; and at the end, after five weary years, he rewarded us with the perfect little theatre, which is our present home. I like to think that opera has always been Sir Anthony's first love, and in this theatre he has left a living monument of that affection to all the thousands of students who will perform their first opera here in the years to come.

A thank-you then, Sir Anthony, from all the singers and opera staff who have benefited from your kindly leadership in the past fourteen years: and 'may'—in the words of our final operatic offering to you, 'all harmless delights, happy days and kind nights, for ever attend this blest pair'.

It is fourteen academic years since our esteemed Principal and Lady Lewis took office at the helm of the Academy—years which have seen enormous changes of many kinds, visible and invisible, but all of which have left a lasting stamp and influence.

It is of the 'invisible' that I would like to write. Sir Anthony, within a short time of arrival among us, became sensitively aware of the need for the expression of opinion, and duly set in motion the creation of avenues of approach through which students and staff could communicate views across the table to each other, and thereby reach towards the academic hierarchy and to the Principal himself. Thus the Principal's Consultative Committee, the tutorial system and the Staff Association evolved, and an era began of discussion at all levels—'invisible', yes, to an outsider, but what fresh air to all those concerned!

Both the Principal and Lady Lewis brought with them a generosity of friendship and affection for the *people* of the Academy and a constant interest in all their needs and their achievements. Despite an undoubtedly over-full diary, both inside and outside the Academy, they both have always managed to find time to listen sensitively and comment wisely upon a problem, whether personal or academic, a constructive innovative suggestion, or even a justifiable criticism, with equal care and concern (often accompanied by a gentle twinkle of the eye!).

We shall miss them both (not least of all, the inimitable wide-brimmed black hat) but the good wishes and deep affection of the Academy, staff and students alike, go with them in what will never be 'retirement' in the fullest sense of the word, for we shall hope to see them back, as often as possible, in our midst.



Photograph by
Constantine

The Second ICOSS

Mansel Thomas

After reading about the 'crazy idea' and a 'gesture of goodwill' as the first International Children's Opera Summer School was described in the Spring issue of *The RAM Magazine* in 1980, I am pleased to report the progress of this unique project, the brain child of Colwyn Sillman, and former RAM student and Director of Music at Haberdashers' Monmouth School for Girls. The Second ICOSS, as it is called, was held last July in the ancient and historic town of Monmouth in the heart of the beautiful Wye Valley.

After the success of *Noye's Fludde* with French and English children in 1979, Director Colwyn Sillman and his colleagues set out to bring together children from many different countries. ICOSS attracted young people from England, Wales, France, Germany, Belgium, Holland and Hong Kong. For this second venture the Welsh Arts Council commissioned a new opera for the occasion from one of Wales's experienced composers of music for young people, Mervyn Burtch. The result of the commission was the opera *Alice in Wonderland* based on Lewis Carroll's famous book. The composer naturally had doubts about the most English of books which might not appeal, indeed, may not even be comprehensible to people whose first language was not English. Being reassured that *Alice* was known all over the Continent he safely went ahead and the result was a two-Act opera full of exciting and lyrical passages.

One of the major difficulties of ICOSS '81 was the auditioning of both singers and instrumentalists from so many different countries. British children were auditioned personally but foreign children were required to send cassette tape recordings, together with photographs. After weeks of listening and re-listening the cast was selected (thirty-five singers), together with an orchestra

of thirty-seven instrumentalists (double woodwinds, brass, strings and percussion), from over two hundred applicants. Because of heavy commitments with ENO, the original producer, Stefan Janski, had to withdraw and a new producer from WNO, Mike Ashman, was invited to direct the work. As time pressed on it was found necessary to bring in much technical assistance from the Welsh National Opera. Their cooperation contributed greatly to the success of the production.

The entire course lasted two weeks, during which time all students followed a very strict timetable of rehearsals, under the expert eye of specialist tutors. Two of the tutors, pianist Marcelle Dedieu-Vidal from Monte Carlo and cellist Boris Heller, gave recitals, and an orchestral concert by the ICOSS orchestra was given on the eve of the Royal Wedding when appropriate music by Tippett, Grieg, Elgar, Mozart, Vivaldi and Grace Williams was performed with great success. After only nine days of rehearsals, costume fittings and necessary recreational activities the day of the première arrived—30 July. It was incredible to believe that these young people only met each other for the first time just over a week before. In spite of the many last-minute problems both producer and conductor were confident that their young singers and instrumentalists would give a successful and memorable première. News of *Alice* has travelled quickly, and enquiries have been received from Dresden, Boston (USA) and Versailles regarding future projects by ICOSS.

The International Children's Opera Summer School, under its Founder/Director Colwyn Sillman, has now been established as an ongoing venture and already plans are in hand to present the third ICOSS in Florence in 1983. As this will coincide with the bi-centenary celebrations of the birth of Collodi, author of the famous children's book *Pinocchio*, ICOSS is commissioning a new opera (in Italian) based on the adventures of this popular children's character.

The organisers of ICOSS are delighted that their work will be brought to the attention of a much wider public in July when a practical workshop session will be given as part of the International Society for Music Education (ISME) in Bristol on 27 July 1982.

Obituary

Margaret Donington
1887–1981

Edith Deveson



Portrait by W H Allcott
(1945)

Margaret Donington died on 16 December after a long life which was devoted to the teaching of music. She was at the RAM from 1935 to 1957, where she was in charge of the GRSM Course and the Junior Exhibitioners' Department.

It is impossible to appreciate the importance of her pioneer work without realising the almost complete lack of trained class-music teachers before her time. She modelled her methods on those of Stewart Macpherson and Ernest Read, whose approach was through Aural Training and Musical Appreciation. In 1919 she began a unique Training Course for Music Students at the Mary Datchelor School in Camberwell, where she was the head of a large music department. These students, and eventually their pupils, were much sought after and began to flow into schools and training colleges. She was one of the founders of the London Schools Music Festival, which flourished for many years and raised the standard of choral and instrumental work in secondary schools.

Her former students speak of her with awe and affection. Although of a tiny stature, she had a commanding personality and

extracted the highest possible standards. They often found it difficult to keep up with her tremendous energy, but they respected her ideology and mental agility. The Junior Exhibitioners were her joy and she drew a great response from them. She achieved her ambition to establish the teaching of class-music on a sound footing, and to raise the status of music teachers to the level of others in the profession. In 1948 she was made a FRAM in recognition of her service and devotion to education.

Douglas Hawkrige 1907-82

Douglas Hopkins



Photograph by Douglas Hawkrige

First, a word of thanks is due to John Gardner who produced the 'Profile' of Douglas Hawkrige in the Spring 1981 issue of *The RAM Magazine*. His tactful and persuasive questioning evoked answers which revealed a conservative and rather uncompromising attitude towards musical preferences. But the staunch loyalty and gratitude to his teachers and to his favourite composers showed a most endearing side to his character. In fact this was an authentic account from his own lips of his life and work, and it is very sad that he has so soon been separated from us.

Douglas had a good start in his home city, Derby. He made his mark broadcasting as a young pianist and was organist of a local church. As an Associated Board Exhibitioner he came to the Academy and studied piano with Claude Pollard and organ with Stanley Marchant. The former established his technique and the latter exercised a subtle influence on his career. Marchant kept an eye on him and in due course he was privileged to play services and voluntaries in St Paul's Cathedral. Life in London was a new and thrilling experience for him. He and I used to stand together in the Proms at Queen's Hall, and it was here that our friendship began. Here too the admiration for Henry Wood, Elgar, Vaughan Williams, Brahms and the Romantics so gripped the imagination of the young student that he never seemed impelled to explore further. He lived the rest of his life in this ecstasy. Yet he had the ability and musical insight to turn his hand to any style of music and it was fascinating to observe his change from dislike to tolerance of the works of Hindemith.

He held appointments as organist at Ilford Parish Church where the Hope Jones organ—a museum piece—made a good talking point. Next came St Philip's, Earl's Court Road, where he worked happily for twenty-three years, but he found it desirable to move to St Columba's, Pont Street where he supervised the building of a new organ. After nine years he moved to St James's, Sussex Gardens. Here again he supervised the rebuilding of a fine organ. In each of these churches Douglas had an efficient group of singers and was able to establish a standard of church music which was dignified and appropriate. But the clergy are unpredictable. Douglas never showed loss of temper.

During the war he joined the City of London Police and, through their good offices, was made available to assist at St Paul's Cathedral. He was already familiar with the work, and it should be put on record that Douglas made a great contribution in helping to maintain high musical standards during this difficult time. He also formed a City of London Police Male Voice Choir. At the first rehearsal he taught them to sing Parry's *Jerusalem*, in unison, insisting on every detail of enunciation and musical shape. This gave them a standard from which they never deviated. They became a good choir. After that he kept his hand in by helping

with the Stock Exchange Male Voice Choir, with whom he was extremely popular, taking rehearsals and conducting concerts in my absence. For ten years in succession he co-operated in running the Organists' Holiday Course, where he was a much loved person as well as a polished teacher. His work at the Academy is really too well known to be described in detail, though over the years many eminent players passed through his hands. The Academy was the centre of his working life, from which his influence and kindness spread far and wide. As a performer the music was always part of him and played with precision and *panache* but never with mere flamboyance.

His great hobby was photography, at which he was an expert and an artist. He always caught the most typical and pleasant expressions from his subjects, and that too with ease and no waste of time. His methods achieved complete relaxation. Nothing was ever allowed to interfere with his summer holiday. This, with his dear wife and his camera, was spent, far removed, in the Channel Islands—most frequently in Sark and Alderney. A recent letter to me from his wife was signed 'Charles'. I once asked him why he called her Charles. 'Because she *is* Charles', he said. 'Is that her name?', I asked. 'No', he said. I asked again: 'Then why do you call her Charles?'. He said, 'Because she *is* Charles'.

David Martin 1911-82

Trevor Williams



The news of David Martin's death stunned all those who knew him, and although time has passed since then it is still just as true to say that we are feeling shocked that a man who was so apparently unchanging in his manner and appearance should have been taken from us.

The basis of his teaching is hard to describe. He was absolutely sure of certain technical and musical landmarks, and he would never depart from what he believed to be important principles. One can still hear that quiet Canadian voice saying 'Now you've gotta give that more warmth, or 'Sustain the tone!', but on the other hand many things he did not say in too much detail. We had to apply ourselves to find answers.

It has been a great pleasure to rehearse for and take part in the Westmorland Concert which the Royal Academy of Music intended to honour David's 70th birthday year. When he phoned each one of us to ask us, his pupils, to play, we could hear how excited he was about the idea. In spite of the tragedy we felt sure that he was there with us, and we were all aware of the great debt we owe him. Although we are different, yet we have, perhaps without any conscious realisation of what it consists of, a way of approaching our work which we gained through his teaching.

He was above all kind. He never lost his temper, he was never sarcastic or impatient; though firm he never treated his pupils as if they were foolish or beneath his notice. He never tolerated incompetence or laziness, but everyone was important to him and he was generous with his time. Perhaps one may say that it was a miracle rather like that of the loaves and fishes just how the hours expanded—he was often late in his appointments, but we all received more than our allotted time and thought from him. That is a secret many of us who teach now would wish to understand. He was a calming influence upon his colleagues, as well as his students, and he combined a decided manner with reasonableness; his ideas commanded respect as they were full of common sense. He was an influence for good upon all who met

him; the extraordinary thing was that unlike many men of whom that could be said, he was in no way a dictator.

David Martin was born 2 August 1911 in Winnipeg, and won an Associated Board Scholarship to study at the RAM the year after his friend Frederick Grinke, and they both studied with Rowsby Woof. Here, in addition to the many life-long friendships he made at this time he met his future wife Florence Hooton, and their mutual interest in chamber music was the basis of their distinguished careers. The Martin String Quartet, formed with Neville Marriner, Eileen Grainger and Bernard Richards, and his piano trio with his wife and Iris Loverdige were among the best-known ensembles in this country for many years. They did a great deal to encourage contemporary British composers, and many works are dedicated to them. The most recent first performance was a work commissioned by David from Gordon Jacob heard at the Purcell Room Concert which became an *in memoriam* tribute for him, and was greatly appreciated.

Frederick Grinke says that in spite of his performing success it was as a teacher that his greatest qualities appeared. Although very strict, and unwilling to tolerate a pupil who did not measure up to his high standards, he not only taught brilliantly but guided his pupils throughout their studentship and afterwards. Max Gilbert, another great friend, writes 'I had known and worked with David since the year I left school and he was a very considerable part of my life. His unfailing good humour and inexhaustible striving for perfection helped all those who were lucky enough to work with him. He is still with us in a very real way in the wide sphere of influence he had on violin playing.'

Ralph Holmes, one of David Martin's most brilliant students, who was with him from the age of eight until completion of his student days at the Academy, says 'such was the warmth of David Martin's personality and such his charm and vitality that all of us who knew him and were fortunate to have benefited from his teaching will cherish his memory and be grateful'. Kenneth Sillito says 'not only was David a great professor, but he was a friend as well, who was always full of encouragement and enthusiasm for the sheer joy of playing the violin'; and Peter Cropper recalls 'I will never forget David saying to me: "Now remember, if you don't think you're improving you're going backwards". That was probably the most important aspect of his teaching: it was not for the present, it was for the future. It is an honour to be part of his family.' These are just a few of the comments from those who knew him, and all of the hundreds of people who were pupils or friends would have similar things to say.

It is then first with sadness and then with gratitude and pride that we pay tribute to David Martin, who helped us all so much. We shall never forget him. We loved him.

I must have known David for almost half a century, from the early days of the original Boyd Neel String Orchestra in the mid 1930s, when David was Principal second fiddle and I shared a desk with him. (I was in the 'BN' for eleven years.) We were also in the LSO at about the same time, and, during the war in the well-known RAF Symphony Orchestra which he led. After the war he came down regularly to Dorking to lead the annual Leith Hill Festival, where, of course, Ralph Vaughan Williams held sway for so many years. So I had many opportunities to get to know David Martin well, although I was never at the RAM (I was at 'the other place').

Ralph Nicholson

One side of his nature is possibly rather less known than his fine reputation as a violinist and distinguished teacher.

He had a great sense of humour and fun, and a particular joy in playing rather elaborate practical jokes. I well remember our return journey from a 'BN' tour of Portugal in January 1939. In those days one travelled by sea, a journey of two-and-a-half days as against two or three hours by jet propulsion. On this occasion we travelled by the Blue Star Line. Our ship was the *Andalusia Star* (and breakfast had about thirty or forty choices!) On our first evening through 'the Bay', the sea was at its ugliest, with much crockery and other hardware crashing about the decks as the ship rolled from side to side. Very few were at dinner that night, and the dance floor was nearly deserted. David, having nothing better to do, was sitting at a small table by himself playing a game of Patience. Suddenly the ship gave a particularly violent lurch and he, the table and chair, careered in unison right across the floor to the opposite side. But David remained completely unconcerned, continuing with his game as though nothing had happened.

Of his practical jokes, we (the 'BN') had been engaged to give a concert at Rugby School one Sunday. The school is about one mile from the railway station, roughly in a straight line. We were all walking up with our cases, in the way one does, with heads down and talking hard. Some way up the road is a crescent with gardens in the centre and the road curving round each side. Half-way round was a man in the gutter playing a fiddle, with his hat pulled well down and his case open on the pavement. It was not till most of us had passed, with some tossing coins into his violin case, that we realised 'the poor old man' was David himself, having obviously hurried on ahead and got out his fiddle, just before we appeared, and started playing!

But quite the best piece of absurdity was again on a Sunday after a concert at Hornsey. We had caught an underground train back to central London from Finsbury Park, and some of us were standing by the double doors in the centre of the coach. As we pulled into Arsenal station—the first stop—very unusually the automatic doors began to open before the train had come to a halt. As ours parted there was David running along the platform level with us, carrying his suitcase in one hand and his fiddle in the other, saying 'Gee, it was a job to keep up with you in that tunnel'—surely a superb bit of quick-witted timing, for he had obviously had to slip out of his door and dash down the platform to catch us up, just in time!

The story which David loved to tell about himself and is probably best known, regarding the days when he had his own ensemble, not surprisingly named the Martin String Quartet, was the letter he received from a music club, confirming an engagement, which began: 'Dear Mr String . . .'

If David Martin gave infinite pleasure to many, he himself knew how to derive most from life.

Alec Robertson
1892–1982

Malcolm Macdonald

'If religion tells me that God is love, if art declares it, then I am certain that there is a fundamental unity in our world which it must be as much the concern of the priest, at any cost, to show forth to man as it is of the artist, who, free of vested interests, cannot help doing so'. Alec's deeds were as good as his words; his working life was shared between his beloved Catholic church and his beloved art of music. Always he was persuading others of the power for good of Church and music alike; and always he was ready to say



Photograph by J Marren

so, sometimes pretty forcefully, when he thought that on any occasion either Christianity or the art of music was not particularly distinguishing itself in the exercise of this power.

Quite early in life his beliefs were put to an unfair test: from 1914 to 1918 he served with the army in India, Palestine, and Egypt. Before that there had been formal education at Bradfield and, from 1910 to 1913, at the RAM, where he studied the organ under Dr Henry Richards. After the Academy, a few months as an organist and choirmaster, and then the war.

After the war, he turned to the field of education, at first directly so; after a short appointment with the LCC came a much longer one with the Gramophone Company (then marketing records under the HMV label). Here he contributed to the cause of music by pressing for records to be issued of the best of it—a very necessary pressure at that time—and by writing booklets to help listeners enjoy the result (one of them is still on my shelves from schoolboy days). Only a little less directly educational was the independent reviewing of records; when Compton Mackenzie found the magazine *The Gramophone* in 1923 he secured Alec's help as a critic, help which was forthcoming for nearly fifty years, to the great advantage of readers and artists alike. And, when later he became Music Editor, of former colleagues too.

During the 1930s Alec's mind turned more positively toward the Church; after studying in Rome (and falling in love with Italy) he became a priest, working largely on earlier church music, at Westminster Cathedral. He continued to write; but it was not until the Second World War that he felt free to join the BBC, spending twelve years there in charge of music talks; he will be remembered especially for his contributions to *Music Magazine*. As always, his worry was never primarily about himself; only that his listeners might miss some of the pleasure of music if he failed to expound it well.

Shortly after he finally retired I went down to see him in his country cottage outside Pulborough. We talked of our happy days working together for *The Gramophone* and for the BBC. We exchanged views on the advantages of travel in Italy; and also on the virtues of our respective cats. It was the last time I saw him.

The busy life yet left time for many books; there is still much profit to be derived from the book on Catholic Church Music, from *Contrasts* (those of art and religion), from the biography of Dvořák, and from the autobiography *More than Music*. More than music, indeed; a life devoted to the betterment of humanity in both his chosen fields.

Barbara Meister: *Nineteenth-Century French Song* (Indiana University Press)

Compared with the number of books on the German *Lied*, those dealing exclusively with the French song repertoire are surprisingly rare. One finds chapters on the vocal music in the standard biographies, (Lockspeiser on Debussy; Suckling, and more recently Orledge, on Fauré; Poulenc or Myers on Chabrier), but, with a few exceptions (and more of these later), nothing as detailed as the books by Capell, or Fischer-Dieskau, on Schubert, and Sams on Schumann and Wolf. These standard works examine the entire vocal *oeuvre*, musically and poetically, providing translations, an analysis of the music and even suggestions for performance.

Barbara Meister's new book provides exactly that for *all* the songs of Fauré, Chausson, Duparc and Debussy (although advice on singing and playing the songs is rather limited). She adds little historical or biographical background: a mere ten lines or so on each composer—that must be augmented by the books I mentioned above—but proceeds immediately to the songs, arranged chronologically by composer. The French text is printed, followed by an interpretation of the mood of the poem and the music, and then a more detailed harmonic and structural analysis, interspersed with her own translation, completes the entry for each song (*ie* 129 by Fauré, 34 by Chausson, 16 by Duparc and 56 by Debussy).

To the student much of this is very helpful, and for its completeness the book is highly recommended. However I have several reservations about its ultimate displacement of the other books available to us.

The most obvious contender is, of course, Bernac's *The Interpretation of French Song*, written by an excellent performer with a life-long association with the works, and even the composers concerned. His interpretative suggestions are invaluable (even if one does not always follow them!), and his approach and appreciation of their content seem to me to be more musical and poetic than Ms Meister's. But his is only a selection (37 by Fauré, 12 by Chausson, etc), although you do get a bonus of songs by at least fourteen other composers.

Jankélévitch's definitive book on all the Fauré songs, (alas, only available in a very idiomatic French) is also a much more enthusiastic and persuasive offering (Poulenc and Bernac were surprisingly never at their best in this composer's works) and here there are many musical examples to illustrate the writing, which the present book lacks entirely. Ms Meister confusingly does not analyse the songs in their original keys, many of which are essential to the precise colour and mood of French song.

But my chief criticism is over the rather careless translation of several of the poems; it is serviceable but not exact. Perhaps I may illustrate this by quoting mistranslations from four of Fauré's more popular songs.

'... que tu dénoues ...' (referring to his beloved's hair) is 'to let down' or 'loosen', not 'give forth'. (*Lydia*)

'... farouche ...' in this intimate love song is hardly 'ferocious' but the other meaning of the word, 'shy, or timid'.

(*Chanson d'amour*)

'... mêlons nos âmes ...' is 'merge our souls' rather than 'plant' them.

(*En sourdine*)

'... berce sa palme ...' surely the tree 'sways its branch' rather than 'waves' it.

(*Prison*)

Still, a useful book; but for those of us who sat at the feet of Nadia Boulanger as she dissected, reassembled and coaxed the very spirit of the composer from each and every phrase, how one wishes that some Boswell had been around to take down *her* words—there indeed would have been the final book on the elusive art of the French song!

George Biddlecombe

Tovey: *Essays in Musical Analysis: Symphonies and Other Orchestral Works; Concertos and Choral Works* (2 vols, OUP: paperback £4.50 each; hardback £9.50 each).

The *Essays in Musical Analysis* represent a significant portion of Tovey's writings. If taken simply as programme notes—as

Reviews of New Books and Music

John Streets

which they were originally published, before being grouped in the familiar six volumes—they are formidable. A brief glance through the contemporary notes by Rosa Newmarch indicates how much more Tovey brought to the *genre*. Partly this is a matter of the range of references, the powerful prose, the Shavian wit, the personal anecdotes: but most of all it is the nature of the ideas. The *Essays* are far more than programme notes. They are examples of critical thinking of an exceptional order.

Nevertheless, with authors of this and, indeed, later date, some editing is frequently necessary. In the case of the *Essays* we need a complete and new edition, systematically ordered, with editorial commentaries and annotations based on recent scholarship. Only in re-ordering the *Essays* does the two-volume 'New Edition' approach such requirements. Otherwise it has nothing that one expects of such a term. The OUP did not see fit to engage an editor, even though—as Hugo Cole has pointed out in a letter to the April issue of *The Musical Times*—some of Tovey's factual assertions require qualification, at least. There is no index, basic tool though this is. Literally dozens of essays are omitted. By its own terms the selection process is extraordinarily confused. The 'Publisher's Note' links the omissions to works 'whose reputation has not lasted'. We learn, then, that Bach's *Jesu, meine Freude*, for Tovey 'one of the greatest of Bach's choral works', has lost its reputation. By whose estimate, using what criteria? The paperback's blurb proposes 'no longer in the repertory', which is not the same thing. One or other stricture may well apply to works such as Zádor's *Rondo for Orchestra*, but has Schumann's *Carnaval*, for instance, lost the favour retained by Holst's *A Fugal Concerto* in concert programmes and record catalogues (if this is how a repertory census is taken)? If some selection were unavoidable it should have been based on securing as wide a representation of Tovey's writings as possible. The omission of the essay on Hindemith's *Kammermusik No 1* is, therefore, all the more regrettable. With it, as Cole notes, goes the single instance of an essay on chamber music, let alone Tovey's comments on Hindemith's idiom.

The effect of the selection policy is to diminish the range of Tovey's writings currently available; if this edition persists, they will not be restored. The value of Tovey's *Essays* lies in what he wrote about a variety of works: the quality of his ideas about music. A concern for ideas should be the preoccupation of any academic press. The OUP has ignored the standards we are entitled to expect. If the *Essays* are indeed 'the most famous works of musical criticism in the English language' (and presumably a publishing house believes its own blurbs), it has an obligation to ensure their availability in appropriate form.

H C Robbins Landon: *Haydn: a Documentary Study* (Thames & Hudson, £18)

This handsome 224-page book, designed to commemorate the 250th anniversary of Haydn's birth, is a sort of pendant to H C Robbins Landon's monumental five-volume *Haydn: Chronicle and Works* (Thames & Hudson, 1976–80), on which it draws for much of its material. The text consists mostly of extracts (in English) from the early biographies by Griesinger and Dies, from contemporary documents, newspapers and periodicals, and from the composer's letters and notebooks, linked by biographical narrative. There are also appendices devoted to a five-page

chronology of Haydn's life, and useful genealogical trees of the Esterházy and Habsburg families. But the main attraction of the book is its 220 illustrations (44 of them in colour), which extend considerably the range of those in the *Chronicle and Works*. These (keyed into the text) include reproductions of all the principal portraits of Haydn; portraits of his friends, colleagues and patrons; reproductions of a variety of autograph scores written between 1755 and 1803; and pictures of buildings and places associated with the composer, among them some stunning colour photographs of the legendary and beautiful Esterházy summer palace at Eszterháza (now being lovingly restored by the Hungarians, after years of neglect), and Eisenstadt, one of the most evocative of which shows the huge and sumptuously painted 'Haydnsaal' in the *schloss* at Eisenstadt set out for a Haydn concert, with seats and music stands for an orchestra of about thirty players in the foreground, and chairs at the far end for the princely audience—six of them.

Considered strictly as a 'documentary biography' this new book can hardly be said to supersede László Somfai's more profusely illustrated and in some ways more scholarly *Joseph Haydn: his Life in Contemporary Pictures* (Faber & Faber, 1969), for which Landon himself provided numerous photographs; but its use of colour and its inclusion of much recently-discovered material (including a facsimile of a rather pathetic letter in 'broken' English Haydn sent from Vienna in December 1792) give it a visual appeal that is very difficult to resist.

Letter to the Editor

Dear Sir,

Your review of Barrie Hall's *The Proms and the men who made them* (Spring 1982) states that after the destruction of Queen's Hall on the night of 10/11 May 1941 'the next night's concert was given in a packed Duke's Hall, half an hour later than the advertised time'. In fact the concert, given by the London Philharmonic Orchestra, with Moura Lympany as soloist and myself as conductor, was given in the *afternoon* of Sunday 11 May. When we arrived for rehearsal at 10 am Queen's Hall was no more. Luckily the offices of the LPO were at Boosey & Hawkes, and either Felix Aprahamain or Thomas Russell had keys. I telephoned the Warden of the RAM, Benjamin Dale, to ask if we could give the concert in the Duke's Hall. He got in touch with the Principal, Sir John McEwen, who gave us permission. We all walked to the Academy for a 'talk through' the programme. Outside it I met up with Herbert Walenn, whose London Violoncello School was nearby, and who generously lent us some instruments. So, at 3 pm, half-an-hour after the scheduled time for the concert, to allow time for the audience to walk from Queen's Hall, we started. The programme consisted of Beethoven's Overture *Coriolan*, Haydn's Symphony No 104, Franck's *Variations Symphoniques*, and Brahms's first Symphony; I had already played the Beethoven and the Brahms with the LPO, and had performed the Franck with Moura Lympany and the Pump Room Orchestra in Bath some months earlier, but the Haydn was a voyage of discovery!

Yours faithfully,
Maurice Miles

32 The Orchard,
North Holmwood,
Dorking,
Surrey RH5 4JT

Notes about Members and others

The Cummings family, Keith and Madge, their children—Diana, Julian and Douglas (and Diana's husband Luciano Jorio), all of whom were students at the RAM—and *their* children, were featured in a half-hour programme entitled 'A Family Band', presented by Roy Castle, introduced by Jill Phillips, and shown on BBC 2 on 3 May.

A Concert of Thanksgiving in memory of Janet Craxton was given in the Wigmore Hall on 24 April. The programme was introduced by Sir Peter Pears, and those taking part included Sir Clifford Curzon, Nina Milkina, Denis Matthews and Celia Nicklin, the London Sinfonietta, the Philip Jones Brass Ensemble, members of the London Oboe Quartet, and the Trio Cannello. Proceeds were given to the Craxton Memorial Trust.

In April Eric Hope gave lectures on advanced piano technique with special reference to the teaching of Solomon at both the Hong Kong Conservatory of Music and the Chinese University of Hong Kong. He has been invited to return to Hong Kong later this year to adjudicate and to give a piano recital.

John Hall won first prize in this year's Stroud International Composers' Competition with his *Five Preludes*, Op 73 for flute and piano, which will be performed at the Stroud Festival in October. He has already won three prizes there: for his Trio for piano, violin and horn (1972), his second cello Sonata (1975), and his clarinet Sonatina (1978).

Richard Studt directed the Tate Music Group in a programme of concertos by JS and CPE Bach at the QEH on 23 March.

Max Teppich, with Daphne Ibbott, gave a recital (Vivaldi, Schumann, Ravel, Falla, Brahms, Tchaikovsky) in the Purcell Room on 30 January.

Philip Pilkington gave a recital of music by Bach and Haydn in the Wigmore Hall on 9 March.

The twenty-fifth anniversary of Gerald Finzi's death (and the eightieth of his birth) reached a climax of celebration at a weekend in Ellesmere College, Shropshire (17–19 July 1981), in which a representative selection of Finzi's music was heard in the context of works by his friends and contemporaries. The Prelude and Fugue for string trio was performed by members of the Amici Quartet, the five Bagatelles for clarinet and piano by Michael Collins and Howard Ferguson (who also partnered Yfrah Neaman in his own violin Sonata No 2); the St George's Singers contrasted *All this Night* and *Lo, the full, final sacrifice* with Britten's *Rejoice in the Lamb*; Richard Hickox and Christopher Finzi conducted the City of London Sinfonia in two concerts including the Romance for strings, the clarinet Concerto (with Michael Collins), *Farewell to Arms* (with Ian Partridge), *Eclogue* (with David Perrett), and Finzi's orchestrations of Parry and Gurney. In addition Ann Dawson, winner of the Gerald Finzi Song Award in March, gave a recital of English songs and John Carol Case an English Song master-class; and further recitals, lectures and a film helped to round out the picture of a notable English composer.

Brian Brockless has recently completed a substantial composition for the organ to be performed on 13 July, during the Peterborough Cathedral Organ Week, which is being held to celebrate the complete restoration of the organ. His *Prelude, Toccata and Chaconne* is being performed during April in the Soviet Union at Moscow, Minsk and Leningrad. As Director of Music at the old Priory Church of St Bartholomew-the-Great in Smithfield, London he conducted Bach's *St John Passion* on

Good Friday, and a concert of music by Stravinsky, Britten, and the first performance of a new work for string orchestra during the Twentieth-Century Music Festival in June. During the forthcoming Festival of the City of London, he will be conducting a concert of music by Elgar, Brockless, Rubbra and Haydn.

The première of Nicholas Maw's complete *Personae* for solo piano was given on 2 July by Philip Martin at Kansas University, and he repeated the work on 13 July at the Aspen Festival. On 19 October, Maw's music was entwined with that of Gerald Finzi in an imaginatively-planned Finzi Anniversary Concert by the City of London Sinfonia under Richard Hickox at the Queen Elizabeth Hall. Finzi's *Romance*, *Dies Natalis*, *Eclogue*, and clarinet Concerto were interspersed with movements from Maw's cycle of *Life Studies* for fifteen solo strings.

Edward McGuire's *Source* will be performed by the BBC Scottish Symphony Orchestra at the London Promenade Concerts on 30 August. This will be his first work at the Proms and he will be giving a pre-concert talk.

Katherine Sweeney and Albert Alan Owen have recently had a new record of twentieth-century violin and piano music released on the Apollo Sound label (AS1027). The record includes the Debussy Sonata, Szymanowski's *Chant de Roxane*, Prokofiev's solo violin Sonata, and Shostakovich's *Three Fantastic Dances* arranged for violin and piano.

On 19 October Andrew Morris conducted the world première of *Risen!* by John Tavener, which had been specially written for a concert celebrating the restoration of the Great Hall and Main Building of Bedford School which was gutted by fire in March 1979. The performance, by the boys of the school to whom the work is dedicated, was later broadcast by the BBC in the 'Youth Orchestras of the World' series. The restored Great Hall is a venue for a variety of concerts, and since the opening the Amadeus Quartet, Benjamin Luxon and Sir George Thalben-Ball have been among those who have performed there. A regular series of concerts has now been established there.

Administrative Staff

Appointment

David Lumsden, MA, D Phil (Oxon et Cantab), Mus B, Hon RAM, FRCM, FRNCM, FRSAMD, Hon FRCO (Principal)

Retirement

Sir Anthony Lewis, CBE, MA, Mus B (Cantab), Hon Mus D (Birmingham), Hon RAM, FRCM, FRNCM, FRSAMD, Hon FTCL, Hon GSM (Principal)

Professorial Staff

Appointments

Timothy Baxter, B Mus (Lond), FRAM (History of Music and Musical Analysis)

George Biddlecombe, MA (Oxon), ARAM (Composition and Harmony)

Nicholas Cleobury, BA (Oxon) (Opera Department)

Melanie Daiken, ARAM (Composition and Harmony, and History of Music and Musical Analysis)

Howard Davis, FRAM (Violin)

Sidney Griller, CBE, D Univ (York), FRAM (Director of String Chamber Music)

Felix Kok, FRAM, Hon ARCM (Violin)
 Harold Nash, FRAM (Chamber Music)
 Antonietta Notariello, ARAM (Piano)
 Elaine Padmore, Hon ARAM (Repertoire Classes)
 David Syrus, BA (Oxon) (Opera Department)
 Alexander Taylor (Cello)
 Sarah Thomas, B Mus (Lond), ARAM (Aural Training)
 Josephine Veasey, Hon RAM (Singing)

Retirement

Henry Cummings, FRAM (Singing)

Resignations

John Carol Case, MA, Mus B (Cantab), Hon RAM (Singing)
 Thomas Hemsley, MA (Oxon) (Singing)

Hon D Mus (Manchester)

Peter Maxwell Davies, CBE, Hon RAM

FRAM

Georgina Dobrée; Christopher Elton; Eunice Gardiner; Daphne Ibbott; Carmel Kaine; Thomas Rolston; David Strange

Hon RAM

Claudio Abbado; Brian Brockless, B Mus (Lond); Ida Haendel; Arturo Benedetti Michelangeli; Dennis Nesbitt; Elisabeth Söderström, Order of Vasa, Ordine delle Stelle della Solidarieta d'Italia

Hon FRAM

Lady Lewis; Colonel The Hon Gordon Palmer, OBE, TD, Hon LLD (Reading), FRCM, DL (Berks), JP

ARAM

Dale Bartlett; Sebastian Bell; Graeme Humphrey; Terence Johns; Lennox Mackenzie; Michael Meyerowitz; Rosa Micallef; Kenneth Park; Keith Pearson; Valda Plucknett; Christopher Rowland, Hon D Mus (Bucknell, Pennsylvania); Clara Taylor; Angela Tennick; Diana Wanklyn

Hon ARAM

John Bigg; Roy Burcher; Alexander Knapp, MA, Mus B (Cantab); Tess Miller

Birth

Crocker: to Roger and Vanessa Crocker (*née* Smith), a son, Barnaby Tobias, 12 February 1982

Marriage

Fielder-Long: Dennis Colin Fielder to Gillian Margaret Long, 17 April 1982

Deaths

Vera Hart (*née* Pitt)
 Douglas Hawkrigde, FRAM, FRCO, 9 March 1982
 David Martin, FRAM, 17 February 1982
 M Pitman (*née* Bausch)
 Brian Mills Smyth, 16 March 1982

RAM Awards

LRAM Diploma, April 1982

Piano (Performer's) Kiyoko Handa, Meredith White
Piano (Teacher's) Joan Biggs, Francesca Bruns, Sue Burnett, Robert Cooper, Paul Gough, Graham Knight, Christine Lax,

Timothy Miller, Simon Proctor

Organ (Teacher's) Pamela Horton, Sarah Warsaw

Singing (Teacher's) Christine Lax, Judith Russell, Julie Stancer, Anne Stanford, Caroline Ward

Violin (Performer's) Hilaryjane Parker (Intermediate School)

Violin (Teacher's) Susanna Furmanek-Halberda, Elizabeth Graham, Gillian Haggarty, Rosemary Head, Claire Heels, Helen Lale, Roland Roberts, Celia Sellschop, Donna Welchman

Viola (Teacher's) Vanessa Campion, Nicholas Durrant, Vanessa Malden, Jane Pogson, Brenda Stewart, Paul Warmoth

Cello (Teacher's) Jane Baur, Rachel Burbridge, Gerard Le Feuvre

Guitar (Performer's) Christopher Ackland, Richard Hand

Guitar (Teacher's) Suzanne Bramson

Flute (Teacher's) Lucy Delafons, Sarah Down, Alison Morwood

Oboe (Teacher's) Sophie McMillan, Timothy Roberts, Jenny Uren

Clarinet (Teacher's) Rebecca Chard, Barbara Gamsa, Graeme Vinall, Sandra Wills

Bassoon (Teacher's) Christopher Jones, Christine Titterington, Gillian Watson

Trumpet (Teacher's) Michael Downing

Trombone (Performer's) Philip Nell

Trombone (Teacher's) Alastair Sinclair, Gregory Tearnan

Tuba (Teacher's) Christopher Evans

Timpani and Percussion (Teacher's) Graham Hall, Paul Parker

Harp (Performer's) Sarah Deere-Jones

RAM Club News

Jeffery Harris

This term has been a time for both celebration and mourning. We have seen the sudden death of two of our most senior and valued colleagues, Douglas Hawkrigde and David Martin. Both have been long-standing members of the Club, and David was of course a Past-President. Deepest sympathy goes to the widows of these men, whose friends both in and out of the profession must be legion. From the Club's point of view it is so nice to be able to remember the very enjoyable evening that David and Florence gave us last summer, when the Cello Ensemble played for us. We are fortunate, too, to have the many photographs that Douglas took for the *Magazine* for so many years.

The cause for celebration was the ninetieth birthday of Dame Eva Turner, another distinguished Past-President. There were of course many lavish parties for this great former student and professor of the Academy, and the Club did its bit, by which Dame Eva was 'most touched'. It did not take Dame Eva long to decide that she would like Jean Rigby to sing for the Club evening, as she had recently awarded Jean the Friends of Covent Garden Prize. Jean sang beautifully, as always, ably accompanied by Clara Taylor. We heard songs by Purcell, Fauré and Frank Bridge, with an added item by Richard Rodney Bennett called *What's a lady like you doing in a place like this?* The words of this were slightly doctored for the occasion by Clara Taylor, to the amusement of all present. The large audience, considerably increased at the last minute, was most appreciative of the music and wished it could have gone on for longer. Many thanks to Jean and Clara for giving their precious time to come and entertain us so admirably. Dame Eva was delighted with the evening.

Alterations and additions to List of Members

Town Members

Barbirolli, Lady, 28 Ivor Place, London NW1
 Cawthorne, Helen, 25 Buckland Crescent, London NW3

Corner, Zoë, *Ivor Newton House, 10/12 Edward Road, Sundridge Park, Bromley, Kent*
 Norris, David Owen, *60 Old Oak Lane, London NW10 6UB*
 Ramschit, Mrs Barbara (née Carter), *99 Kingswood Court, Kempton Walk, Shirley, Croydon CR0 7XH*
 Read, Veronica, *Room 6, Church Cottage, Hartwell House, Aylesbury, Buckinghamshire*
 Spedding, Joanne, *39 Foxham Road, London N19 4RR*

Country Members

Anderson, Judith, *30 Oakland Drive, Netherton, Wakefield, West Yorkshire WF4 4LZ*
 Arkell, Katherine, *29 Diana House, Queensway, Wellingborough, Northamptonshire NN8 3QD*
 Canetty-Clarke, Mrs Janet, *Compton Gate, Compton Road, Lindfield, Sussex RH16 2JZ*
 Cole, David, *10 Gladstone Road, Deal, Kent CT14 9ET*
 Coleman, Christine, *12 Vicarage Road, Maidenhead, Berkshire SL6 7DS*
 Ellis, Judith, *62 Colne Road, Sible Hedingham, Nr Halstead, Essex*
 Filder, Mrs Gillian (née Long), *23 Brooklyn Avenue, Worthing, Sussex BN11 5HQ*
 Hall, Molly, *Crofton Cottage, Rectory Lane, Stevenage, Hertfordshire SG1 4BT*
 Oliver, Mrs Kathleen, *16 Highcroft, Honmanby, Nr Filey, North Yorkshire*
 Pringle, Janyce, *Shepley, Higher Warberry Road, Torquay, Devon TQ1 1SF*
 Pringle, Mrs Mariëtte (née Richter), *Windrush Cottage, 2 Chilswell Path, South Hinksey, Oxfordshire OX1 5AP*
 Stewart, Rodney, 'Leona', *17 Haw Lane, Bledlow Ridge, High Wycombe, Buckinghamshire*
 Tasker, Brian, *De Aston School, Market Rasen, Lincolnshire LN8 3RF*
 Tattersall, Norman, *The Red House, 241 Maldon Road, Colchester, Essex*
 Teed, Roy, *9 Chichester Court, Colchester, Essex CO3 3TF*
 Wheldon, Barbara, *50 Maugham Court, Saddleton Road, Whitstable, Kent CT5 4RR*

Overseas Members

Elsworth, Cecilie, *Waiotahi Beach, RD2, Opotiki, New Zealand*
 McKinney, William, *Via Brecht 29, 00142 Rome, Italy*

RAM Concerts

Spring Term

Symphony Orchestra

25 March

Walton Improvisations on an Impromptu by Benjamin Britten
Rachmaninov Piano Concerto No 2 in C minor, Op 18
Vaughan Williams Symphony No 5 in D
Conductor Maurice Handford
Soloist Winnie Wu (piano)
Leader Joseph Rappaport

Chamber Orchestra

18 March

Gounod Petite Symphonie pour instruments à vent
Lutoslawski Double Concerto for oboe, harp, string orchestra and percussion

Mozart Symphony No 31 in D, K 297 ('Paris')

Conductor Stuart Bedford

Soloists Nicholas Daniel (oboe), Eleri Davies (harp)

Leader Julie Monument

Choral Concert

10 March

Verdi Quattro Pezzi Sacri

Walton In Honour of the City of London

Conductor Noel Cox

Leader Joseph Rappaport

Repertoire Orchestra

19 March

Rawsthorne Overture 'Street Corner'

Bridge Suite 'The Sea'

Walton Viola Concerto

Elgar Variations on an original theme ('Enigma'), Op 36

Conductors Maurice Miles, and Members of the Advanced Conductors' Class: Martyn Saville, Matthew Bale, Flemming Vistisen

Soloist Claire Orsler (viola)

Leader Justine Watts

Training Orchestra

24 March

Ravel 'Ma mère l'Oye'—Suite

Haydn Trumpet Concerto in E flat, H VIIe/1

Walton Two pieces for string orchestra from 'Henry V'

Bizet Symphony in C

Conductors Maurice Miles, and Members of the First-year Conductors' Class: Stephen Bull, Martin Smith

Soloist David Tonkin (trumpet)

Leader Aaron Tighe

Westmorland Concertos, in the Purcell Room, were given on 3 March by Beth Spendlove (violin), Michael Dussek (piano) and Nicholas Walker (piano); on 11 March by 'English Echoes'—Vanessa Scott (soprano), Jean Rigby (mezzo-soprano), Andrew King (tenor), Stephen Rhys-Williams (baritone), Stuart Hutchinson (piano); on 24 March by Gerard McDonald (oboe, flute and recorder), Clare Redfarn (harpsichord), Josephine Easthope (cello), Timothy Wilson (counter-tenor), Antony Rich (tenor) and Hilary Punshon (piano); and on 7 April by (in alphabetical order): Patricia Calnan, Peter Cropper, Diana Cummings, Rosemary Davidson, Ita Herbert, Andrew Laing, Sophie Langdon, Hugh Maguire, Rita Manning, Janet Masters, Kenneth Sillito, Simon Smith and Trevor Williams (violins); Roger Bigley and Stephen Shingles (violas); Bernard Gregor-Smith and Lionel Handy (cellos); and Peter Lea-Cox (harpsichord): the concert was designed as a tribute to the late David Martin. In addition to regular lunchtime concerts on Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Thursdays and Fridays, an evening recital was given by Sophie Langdon (violin) on 24 February, and a concert was given by students from the Geneva Conservatoire, also on 24 February.

Opera

Mozart 'The Magic Flute'

4, 5, 8 and 9 March

Pamina Shirley Pilgrim

Tamino Peter Bronder



The Magic Flute.
Photographs by Tony
Firshman

Top left. *The Queen of
Night* (Susan Bullock)

Top right. *The three
Ladies* (Christine Teare,
Helen Willis and Kirstine
Mackenzie)

Bottom left. *Papageno
and Pamina* (Geoffrey
Dolton and Shirley
Pilgrim)

Bottom right. *The Speaker
and Tamino* (Charles
Naylor and Peter
Bronder)

Papageno Geoffrey Dolton
The Queen of Night Susan Bullock
First Lady Christine Teare
Second Lady Kirstine Mackenzie
Third Lady Helen Willis
First Genie Deryn Edwards
Second Genie Tracy Webb
Third Genie Valerie Skinner
Sarasro Lawrence Wallington
Speaker Charles Naylor
Monostatos Tomos Ellis
An Initiate Antony Rich
Papagena Gail Mortley/Elizabeth Woollett
First Slave Philip Ball
Second Slave Kevin Walton
Third Slave Nigel Cliffe
First Guard Geraint Roberts/Timothy Evans-Jones
Second Guard Howard Stapleton/Graeme Danby
Chorus of Initiates Julie Charles, Lynne Davies, Jane Ford, Carol Green, Hermione Holt, Sheila Lowery, Judith Russell, Jane Webster, Sylvia Williams, Deborah Holmes, Mary Rose Langfield, Sarah Pudduck, Annemarie Sand, Julie Stancer, Fiona Whitelaw, Philip Ball, Timothy Evans-Jones, Antony Rich, Geraint Roberts, Nigel Cliffe, Graeme Danby, Christopher Dauber, Haydn Jenkins, Philip Jones, Tom Lines, Howard Stapleton, Ian Stockley, Kevin Walton
Director of Opera John Streets
Conductor Nicholas Cleobury
Producer Nicholas Hytner
Designer Nicholas Ormerod
Lighting Graham Walne
Assistant to the Director Mary Nash
Assistant Conductor Matthew Bale
Student Répétiteurs Nicholas Bosworth, Juliet Howell, Steven

Naylor, Paul Turner
Movement Anna Sweeny
Stage Management Christopher Chew, Nic Marchant, Jeremy Davies
Stage Crew Christine Dix, Judith Ellis, Sebastian Petit
Lighting Operator Lynton Black
Costumes Margaret Adams, Kathy D'Arcy, Mary Robson
Animals by Candida Boyes
Serpent by Louise Belson
Set built by Albert Cristofoli
Set painted by Arabella White, Joanna Eatwell, Perry Hall
Leader of Orchestra Julie Monument

Opera Workshop

An 'Opera Workshop', entitled 'Aspects of Love', was staged in the Sir Jack Lyons Theatre on 26 and 27 January; Director of Opera John Streets, Conductor Nicholas Cleobury, Producer Paul Hernon, Lighting Graham Walne, with an instrumental ensemble led by Julie Monument. Items included:

Monteverdi 'L'Incoronazione di Poppea'

Lynne Davies, Kirstine Mackenzie, Tracy Webb, Geraint Roberts, Gail Mortley

Verdi 'Macbeth'

Christine Teare, Charles Naylor, Philip Ball, Nigel Cliffe, Tomos Ellis, Deryn Edwards, Catarina Lorenzson

Tchaikovsky 'Eugene Onegin'

Sally Daley, Elizabeth Woollett, Annemarie Sand, Valerie Skinner, Antony Rich, Richard Knott/Howard Stapleton

Donizetti 'L'Elisir d'Amore'

Timothy Evans-Jones, Anne Stuart, Geoffrey Dolton

The Students' Union Editorial

Susan Michael

I think it is fair to say that this term was not quite as 'traumatic' as the Autumn Term. (It is unfortunate in a way that the busiest term occurs first, when one feels least able to cope with it!)

It is pleasing to note that our minibus is becoming more frequently used now; in fact, over the Easter holidays it went to Paris with a group of students. Trips are also planned to Belgium and the Isle of Wight. Those who know Richard Knott, a predecessor of mine, will be most impressed to hear that he has qualified for the Television finals of *The Krypton Factor* (London Weekend Television's answer to *Mastermind*). Needless-to-say, this 'stardom' has come as quite a surprise to him, but we think this a great achievement, and would like to wish Richard lots of luck.

Bearing in mind that the Principal is retiring at the end of this academic year, I would like to take this opportunity to point out how much Sir Antony Lewis has done for the Students' Union at the RAM. It is only when I talk to other Students' Unions that I really realise how fortunate we are in being able to maintain the marvellous relationship we have with the Administration here, both officially and socially. We are given so many opportunities to meet members of the Administration, and to talk over with them any subjects we feel need to be discussed. Any views we may express are always respected and carefully considered. The Students' Union is, (generally speaking!) held in very high regard, to the extent that the students are represented by two members of the Executive Committee on the Academy's Governing Body—a very great honour. I feel this is a great credit to the Principal, and I only hope that we may continue to justify this trust.

**Charles Schindler
(1883–1940)—
composer of
the 'Hammerclavier'**

John Law



Charles Schindler. A copy (from memory) of a drawing by Mme Henri Bachelier.

The following extraordinary article I discovered by pure chance on browsing through the November 1981 edition of *Composers' Forum*. The author, represented by the initials J B, I have been unable to trace.

'Charles Schindler, the American composer, may, even among eccentrics like John Cage, be said to stand alone on a solitary and lofty peak: not only on account of his peculiar contribution to the music world but also on account of his overpowering sincerity and inner conviction. That the land of the Stock Exchange refuses, as yet, to acknowledge him means that the society named after him (of which the composer's friend the international philanthropist Simon Kautzsch is surely a member) is based in Vancouver, Canada, where a select but ever-increasing group of devotees devote their energies to the promulgation of what little of Schindler's music we possess, and, more importantly, of his aesthetic ideas.¹

'Of the greatness of this composer there can be no doubt. Unpardonable, therefore, are the attempts by various antagonistic factions at casting doubts on his very existence. I, too, until I found confirmation in *The British Columbian Catalogue of Contemporary Composers*,² was inclined to accept wholesale the fallacious and hostile article written by the Dean of the Music Faculty of Seattle (*Seattle University News*, No 1006, March 1981)—a clear attempt to pre-empt the appearance of the Catalogue a month later. It was in this catalogue (a copy of which is to be found in most libraries in England) that I first discovered the truth about the singular life of this composer. I quote it here in full:

'''Charles Otis Schindler (in later life he dropped the middle name) was born 1883 in Seattle, and was educated at Washington State University, where he studied mathematics. His keen interest in music (he had, as a child, 'studied the piano thoroughly') finally got the better of him when, in his late thirties, he decided to dedicate himself to composition.

'''The *visible* body of work left by Schindler consists of, up till 1927, numerous works written solely for the piano (which, as a means of expression he subsequently rejected in the famous letter to his friend, the eminent Simon Kautzsch). He then (1928–30) wrote what remains for us his last extant work: the enigmatic orchestral piece *Orbis Tertius*, whose formlessness and vagueness of tonality indicate the extent of the crisis at which he had arrived—an *impasse* similar to Hofmannsthal's at the time of his renunciation of poetry.

'''This then, is the visible work. (He did also write, it must be added, under the pseudonym of Carolus Hourcade, various articles and essays which were only published in 1969 in *The Vancouver Music Periodical*, Vol 16 Nos 2, 3 and 5.) We turn now to his other work, for which we have recourse to his biographer Herbert Ashe . . . [Schindler's] greatness rests on one work: the subterranean, the interminably heroic, the peerless and—such are the limitations of man!—the unfinished. Furthermore, owing to its having been, at the composer's wishes, destroyed—the totally invisible. This work, possibly the most significant of our time, consists of the third movement and a fragment (224 bars, though some would contend

¹ I find the style rather affected here (JL).

² I refer to the 19th edition; dramatically, the recent 20th for some reason shortens the biography by half while entirely omitting the accompanying silver-point drawing by his friend (and mistress) Mme Henri Bachelier.

226) of the first movement of Beethoven's *Hammerclavier* Sonata, Op 106 for piano . . . Motivated firstly by a life-long obsession with his Germanic origins (in his last years he would sign himself Karl Schindler) he did not want to compose another *Hammerclavier*—which is easy—but *the Hammerclavier* itself . . . The first method he conceived was relatively straightforward: master nineteenth-century German; memorise Opp 1–105; rediscover the Catholic faith; destroy his hearing; forget the whole history of America, and that of Europe between 1818 and 1931; be Ludwig van Beethoven. Charles Schindler, in a letter to Mme Bachelier, proposes, recommends, discusses and finally rejects this method as being . . . "too easy. Rather as impossible, you may say. Granted, but the whole undertaking is impossible and of all the impossible ways of carrying it out this one interests me least of all . . . To be, in some way, Beethoven and reach the *Hammerclavier* seems infinitely less interesting—than to go on being Charles Schindler and reach the *Hammerclavier* through the experiences of Charles Schindler . . . My task is not difficult, essentially, I should only have to be immortal to carry it out." However, later in the year while 'at work' he concedes . . . "[it is] certain that my problem is a good deal more difficult than Beethoven's was. He did not refuse the help of chance and inspiration. I have taken on the mysterious duty of arriving *through toil* at his spontaneous creation."

. . . 'Despite these huge obstacles', Herbert Ashe continues, 'Schindler's *Hammerclavier* is more subtle than Beethoven's. With its immediate flavour and modern setting it condemns Beethoven's work with no possibility of appeal. Consider for example the different lengths of the third movement. Beethoven, with his 187 bars, is merely trying to shock his contemporaries—his gargantuanism is hence rather crass. Schindler, on the other hand, with true artistic moderation eschews the modern influences of hugeness (eg Schönberg's *Gurrelieder*) while providing an unmistakable comment on the other extreme of Webern's then fashionable miniaturist style; his 187 bars is thus an important attempt at balance . . . No less interesting a comparison may be found in the two harmonic languages employed. While in his choice of diatonic harmony Beethoven is acting fairly predictably, Schindler's choice of diatonic harmony is surely the most outspoken revolt against the whole system of values of his day!

. . . 'Individual passages yield revealing differences. Beethoven, for example, wrote:



A rhetorical gesture, exactly what we have come to expect from him. Schindler, however, writes:



The idea is astounding! In complete contrast to his previous somewhat vacuous output, this opening, with its very obvious (almost programmatically so) hark-back to the victorious atmosphere at the end of the First World War, seems to say: Let us build a new world, a new future . . . I know nothing more moving than these four bars nor so banal as Beethoven's four.' Mr Ashe concludes the book: '[His] contribution to music—to the world of the composer, performer and listener—is unique, is immeasurable.'

'''Charles Schindler died prematurely in 1940 at the age of fifty-seven, after a long illness caused by mental exhaustion.'''

'Here finished the entry in the British Columbian Catalogue; and I found no more about the composer save for, brazenly, at the bottom of that page the note that "if desired, an article completely contradicting the above one on every major point" could be found in the collected writings of the music critic of *The San Francisco Chronicle*—whose well known right-wing tendencies, however, make statements on any progressive figure entirely untrustworthy. Moreover, the proof lies also (for I succeeded in tracking it down) in the biography: *Charles Schindler—composer of the Hammerclavier* by Herbert Ashe (Unwin, London 1954). Only the correspondence between Schindler and Mme Bachelier can settle the issue, but, who knows, perhaps his admirers will, thanks to Schindler's *Hammerclavier*, live to see the day when, as he himself wrote, . . . "masterpieces of art will shed their reputations and what were fixed historical events will become, once more, living and vibrant experiences".'

So ends the complete article in *Composers' Forum*. Afterwards I was intrigued as to why Schindler never completed the first movement; puzzled, too, as to the meaning of the strange phrase in parenthesis: '224 bars, though some would contend 226'. To whom did the word 'some' refer and why did they make this contention? (This was just one of a great many questionable points occurring in the article which made doubting the whole story a more obvious response than believing in it. Particularly as, predictably, Unwin vigorously denied having ever issued any such biography.)

On checking up the corresponding place in Beethoven's text (I say Beethoven but, so vivid was the article that I fancied at each bar I could hear Schindler's particular style, the bold turn of phrase, the sheer struggle for spontaneity,) I discovered that at bar 224 we meet the passage where we are unsure whether Beethoven intended A natural or A sharp. As it stands it is A sharp but the view commonly held nowadays is that Beethoven forgot the natural sign. Here, then, it occurred to me, was the reason why Schindler didn't continue. He *couldn't* continue, obviously, until having forgotten to write the natural sign—a fact which, no doubt, made him, with each day, painfully more aware of it. Used to ordering his activities round ideas he had now reached a point where thought took him no further. He needed, if you like, to act naturally. This struggle to force himself to forget was surely what caused the 'long illness'. The question about 224 bars or 226 bars suggests the possibility that, after all, the 'ego' worn away by exhaustion, he did manage, completely engrossed in the subject (as opposed to the *perception of himself in the subject*) naturally to forget the natural sign. And perhaps a moment of self-awareness made him remember and (so precarious was the balance) produced the final breakdown? An idea, anyway.

The whole story, however, seemed so ludicrous that I thought no

more about it until, in March of this year I chanced to see, while leafing through the *Oxford Book of Philosophical Aphorisms* under H, this sentence: 'All Education is but the enforced forgetting of Absorption—attrib Carolus Hourcade'.

The Great Horowitz Ticket Queue

William Lloyd

I think it was George Mikes who once wrote that an Englishman, even if alone, will form an orderly queue of one. There is a lot of truth in this. The English enjoy queuing. It is almost a national sport, a ritual competition played with unwritten but rigidly adhered-to rules. In a really good queue you will find, usually ahead of you, veteran queuers, even queuholics, reminiscing, while lighting the primus-stove, about the good old days. 'I remember back in '63 doing five nights in Floral Street middle of January for Callas at the Garden. So cold even the thermos froze'; or even, sadly 'I don't remember much about the concert but, man, it was a bloody great queue'.

On the afternoon of 21 April, prompted by a brief announcement in the Press a few days earlier, the veterans began to arrive for another innings, this time outside the Royal Festival Hall. 'Horowitz to play in London for the first time in thirty years', said the papers. 'Tickets on sale from 10 am 22 April.' The game had begun.

I arrived at 4.15 am on my bicycle, with sleeping-bag and obligatory 'serious' novel to find myself eighty-first on a scruffily compiled list which already comprised, among others, several RAM pianists, two RAM professors whose enthusiasm for the piano repertoire is widely admired, as well as some people I had met in Leeds during the Competition. Clearly there was going to be no shortage of piano talk. Firstly, however, it was necessary to get some sleep before dawn, and the fresh influx from the first tubes and buses made that impossible. In New York, I learned later, queuers outside Carnegie Hall for a Horowitz concert were invariably cheered up during these cold dark hours by visits from Horowitz and his wife themselves bringing coffee and doughnuts. We were unfortunately given no such treat in SE1.

I woke an hour or so later with that sort of dawning shock one gets when asked to fondle a raw sausage blindfold at a party, to find a black wet nose investigating my rucksack. It was someone's dog clearly enjoying the unfamiliar environment. In the grey half-light I could see to my left the slowly awakening queue turning the corner to the front of the building while, from the other side of the river, the windows of the Savoy Hotel gazed disdainfully across at our untidy row of sleeping bags and blankets, its £50-stalls residents slumbering peacefully on. To my right the camp-chair carrying second-class queuers had begun to arrive, a new group every ten minutes or so with each fresh arrival at Waterloo.

From now on the queue grew so rapidly that by 7 o'clock it already stretched far beyond the Chopin statue, drawing bewildered glances from early commuters and much amused comment from the crew of a City of Westminster dust-cart which was parked nearby. In the growing light a transistorised dawn chorus began: 100 Patricia Hugheses reading 100 weather forecasts and announcing the programme for Morning Concert. Others, less extrovertly, sat wrapped (rapt?) in mini-cassette stereo, only the tiny headphones explaining that look of blissful, twitching concentration which can be so alarming when seen on a crowded tube train.

Gradually the traffic noise from Waterloo Bridge increased until it was no longer possible to hear Big Ben chiming the quarters. The overnight brigade finally gave up any hope of further sleep and blearily began to emerge, tousled and cold, in search of breakfast. Panic was caused briefly when a rumour went round that the two-ticket maximum being imposed on all prices except £50 included both concerts; *ie* one ticket only for each. These fears were quickly allayed, however, and visions of angry wives and girl-friends demanding half of each seat were gratefully forgotten. As the hour of 10 o'clock approached, excitement grew and people whose original purpose for queuing was to buy cheap tickets began to weaken. One loses all sense of the value of money under such circumstances. The opportunity of sitting within finger-watching distance seems so irresistible that the mere fact that four such tickets would cost £140 appears at the time to be relatively unimportant. Wonderful excuses were found for such extravagance. 'My old teacher told me so often about hearing Rachmaninov in those apparently golden concert seasons before the war that I want the chance to get my own back on my future pupils', or 'Since I've spent nearly £300 on Horowitz records it seems ridiculous to economise over hearing him in the flesh'.

Little by little the conversation developed into a Horowitz Hymn of Praise as queuing's Rule No 1—that the value of the object increases in direct proportion to the length of the queue and the cost of the tickets—came into play. Comparisons between the coming recitals and the one recently given by Michelangeli, which earlier had been objectively and intelligently discussed, were now generally thrown out, to the undeserved detriment of the great Italian pianist. As the rush hour got fully under way in the now-forgotten world outside the South Bank, argument raged about the relative merits of the various Horowitz recordings; of, for example, the different versions of Rachmaninov's second Sonata, including the pirated ones. Opinions differed, but it was earnestly asserted in the general euphoria that all were remarkable and many even insisted that all were better than any other pianist's; even the composer's own.

At about 9.30 the queue stood up, as a single entity, and closed ranks as if in a subconscious act of self-protection. The few intruders were summarily expelled in a feverish expression of fair play, and people, even little old ladies who were rash enough to ask queuers to buy an extra ticket, were dispassionately pointed towards the back with gestures that can only be described as smug. Punctually at 10 o'clock the doors opened and, with a corporate sigh of relief, the queue started to move. To their credit the Box Office staff played the game with the same strict sportsmanship that had dominated the pavement outside, accepting the queuers in strict rotation at all six windows, and selling tickets for each price in descending order of quality. Emerging again into the morning air with the all-important tickets safely stowed away in an inside pocket, the feeling of satisfaction was so overwhelming that it was easy to forget that the whole thing had been merely a means to a still distant end and that as yet we did not even know what works were to be performed. All I can hope is that the concerts prove to be as enthralling as was buying the tickets. Perhaps it would even be worth a visit to the Mecca of European queuers, to spend a week on the German pavements of Bayreuth.

The RAM Magazine

The *RAM Magazine* is published three times a year (in March, July and December) and is sent free to all members on the roll of the RAM Club and of the Students' Union. Copies may also be bought by non-members, price 50p per issue. Members are invited to send to the Editor news of their activities that may be of interest to readers, and the Editor is always glad to hear from members (and others) who would like to contribute longer articles, either on musical or on other topics. **Copy for the Spring issue should arrive no later than 1 January, for the Summer issue 1 April, and for the Autumn issue 1 September and, whenever possible, should be typed (double-spaced, one side of the page only), please.** All correspondence should be addressed to: The Editor, RAM Magazine, Royal Academy of Music, Marylebone Road, London NW1 5HT.

Some spare copies of issues 200, 203, and 205–28 are available, free of charge. Please send requests to the Editor.

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